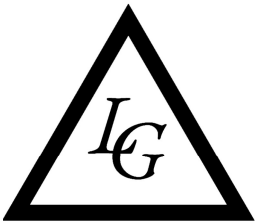
THE SECOND GOOFIÍST ENCYCLICAL.

Edited by Sainted Nigga Sherm.

CONTAINING

1. *Poems by The Very Thing.*
2. *The Canonical Adventures of Jack and Charlie, consisting of three narratives. By T.V.T. Et al.*
3. *On Blood, by The Prophet and Sn. Sherm.*
4. *A Vision Received by The Prophet, scribed by N.N.*



I.C.G.A.

PRODUCED

ANNO —— M. M. XX. II.

TO THE
READER.

READER;

Death and destrución to the dead and destroyed; dead for they got no blood in 'em, and destroyed for ḍeï systems of reward did do be reflected in ḍeï acións and manifestacións. Congealed here are more works of fascinating produción, and most potent delineación. In form much the same, but in content dripped with novelty, for we do not bore easily, nor do our masṭáful hands of dë crafting tire from blessed labor. And though two remains a cursed numbá, we nonetheless must pass over this hurdle, with this, the very second Goofiíst Encyclical.

Your Humble Servant,
the smallest skull
in God's throne,
the I.C.G.A.

POEMS

BY

The Very Thing.

Liturgië.

AM jes' be'slaafed wun' de day be's sayin':
Lord, we know dat we will have no sleep.
But a hame that'll sooth our fears.
An' neet we may so we can not care.
An' de words dat we hear warnin'
An' jes' watchin' us be's prayin' to God,
Such as we we hav'nae heard, make 'im seem divine.
Now de only prayer we know be's:
To de Lord's just mercy that's us.
De force 'at we get in this life,
An' 'tis de only thing we may do.
Us Freemen, de freemen,
Dem Freemen, de law, de law!
D'e's de sense, de eye, de ear,
De mind, de will, de heart,
D'e's de soul, de spirit,
De spirit, de spirit, de Spirit!
'Twas de Lord in His kindness,
To give 'im a life in de keepin'.
O' his 'is law and his praise,
An' de strongest iron d'e's in 'is mighty hand,
So wun' de souls o' de world,

When o' de day come, are deluged.
D'e's de day, so come 'e come!
So leaah, hear my word, alype me de words!
Lees' me, dear friend, de lives de hour.
How these bodies grow old: Jus' peep, peep, peep!
Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep!
E'en when de night comes,
D'e's de heart, de will, de head,
D'e's de soul, de spirit,
D'e's 'is spirit, b'long to 'is spirit, so help us God!
So, lak me, 'tis de Lord be's command,
An' bid thee, o, de long days;
Do keep 'im in thy pocket,
For he de joy, de Lord, is 'is living 'is spirit.
So let us leeech, lak me! Lak me! Lak me!

Dëaf.

Above, in clear air, a mind is roused;
An outburst, by one unthinkingly forgotten.
Fierce lions rule the steppes, and rouse in the wind.
My soulish awe, at last one writes long,
In a mad rap of muscled brains o'er the soul of a statue.
Art, beloved art! Why, from certain placed oracle!
Speak, I'll give up; I'd rather go back,
When my pen is out of the clay, let it fall and die away,
And then such words, as I have breathed,
May rise and become pure in the sun.
This thing I desire,—life, why not give up life,
If death comes? If I turn back when called,
Aye, all shall be lost, and my valor broken!
For I see, with the oncoming legions,
My feelings will break, and insensible to all,

I will hear the dreadful trump, and go free.
'Fore my brain, a plumb in one hand
And a pen in the other,
A discerning eye sees that many things come;
That the beauty of the limelight casts,
Which the hope of beauty draws forth,
Doth bring the flame of an unchanging sin.
Where are the pains, my loyal friend? Where, and why!
For now all seems dead and gaunt; and at last,
By the rousing of the unconquerable spirit,
A faint flame of belief—indescribable,
Might rise and go free.
For what can death do, nor other pains in this?
But, though the body undergoes pains,
To achieve, no mercy, and in that race,
Each must die—I, and my friends!

The Stowká.

You wake an' shaws an' fade,
You sleep an' shaws fade.
Dey turn up like fog on de moor day by day,
Vanishin' ef you hafta wee, you shuns de mow.
S'en I like to loose, ovah paddy-hole,
Den yo' heard de Boogah Man.
That's me, yo' come whin' up,'cause it's tekken,
I'm tekken, but so mein yo', wust tekken.
Now yo' have got me, now yo' let me down;
'Cause it's a sad day, if I tak' yo',
Den yo' keer that I go, den yo' hear me tekken.
Den yo' coman tekken yo', den yo' feel me.
Yo' yer eef you get me, eff I's tekken yo',
Keepa' o' d'memories o' d'worl' o' d'dead.

I'm a drappin' pin, ovah hill an' town;
Ef you listen keerful, keerful ez you kin,
So 's you boun' to notice des a drappin' pin.
Den yo' yer stowkin' well in de mow.
An' burnin' a blak fay, til the Boogah Man come.
I'z juz settin' aloof 'ker fore hafta los,
I'll sech a lie, I'm still a-grochin',
An' spillin' my seed in de ditch.
Den yo' merkin' you know that I'm still stowkin',
I'm a-stewin' in de rust, I'm a-stewin' in de gall.

The Soul of a Haṭá.

I Stare in your eyes. I hear the words.
And I curse you. How is this possible?
You say you love God. How can God love you?
I said I never hated God,—I lied.
I still try,—but my heart is slowly rotting.
Because I say, today I hate you.
When I meet you, I am desperate to see someone
Who shares the same kind of soul as I have.
But then, a person like you gets far too close to me.
And I begin to hate the very thought of you.
Suddenly, I don't believe what you are telling me.
And I do feel like god doesn't hate you.
I don't believe. I don't believe. I don't believe.
The lines fall away, and I am left with one thing
With only the thud of my own soul:
I didn't lie, so I know what it is like to lie.
That my words were, and are, a lie.
And that, if my words are lies,—God is silent.
And soon,—I don't believe in God at all.

THE CANONICAL ADVENTURES OF JACK AND CHARLIE, BY The Very Thing et al.

Jack & Charlie Examine the Phenomenon of Suicide at a Riverbank in China. Chap. 1.

ON a cool summer night in Zhuairentang, China, farmer Lu Junyuan rowed his wooden boat out onto the river, said a prayer and threw himself to his death in the river. Observing this whole sordid happenstance were two Englishmen, Jack and Charlie.

Jack looked at Charlie and said:

"Charlie, in England, this would be called suicide."

"Jack, what are you talking about, you aren't in England."

"Well, it seems that for the past several years, Londoners have been taking their own lives in similar ways. There were even some who bought rafts. They'd go down to the Thames, strap a bottle to their body, get into the water and wait for a wave. It seems that some

think the practice is therapeutic. If you're wondering, the water's remarkably warm."

"This poor sod must be going down there to end his life." He pointed to a particularly despondent looking Chinaman who was shuffling his way into a forest, "in any case, he's going down there for our entertainment, to make our weekend one of riotous merriment." He shrugged, "why do the local folk here seem to find this place so suitable for offing themselves?"

"I don't know, Charlie, but I'd bet offing yourself in a Chinese river feels quite different from offing yourself in the Thames, no matter what people say. Why, when I was back in England last year, I saw one young lass climb up onto a ledge to have a look at the London lights. She must have gotten so drunk that she fell and died."

"Well, Jack, I'm sorry that you missed your opportunity to fulfill your lust." Charlie shook his head.

Suddenly, a man approached them. It was the philosopher named *Fung Be,* an opium addict and wild man who liked to get drunk on vodka and opium and walk up to strangers, and ask them if they wanted to have a chat.

"You English folk are very strange, you know. The way you understand death is so different from the way we understand it, here in China. We believe that you are in a state of absolute spiritual awareness from birth to death. You know, we believe you are a spiritual being, in a state of pure awareness. We call this pure awareness our *Tao*."

"Oh yeah, so then why are we hanging out on this river bank drinking beer?" Charlie snorted.

Fung Be was taken aback by this retort.

Jack piped up: "Charlie, you drink beer and talk about how cool the river is, not caring about a damn thing, but that doesn't make you spiritual?"

Fung Be glared at Charlie: "You English people are so arrogant. You talk about all the adventures you've had in your lives, but yet, you think nothing of dying. You're the most powerful people on Earth, yet you're the least spiritual. You think because you're so far away from nature, and you are so far from each other, that you're somehow superior."

"Hey, it's not about superiority," Jack objected.

"What are you talking about?" Charlie said.

Fung Be ignored him. Gesturing wildly, he said:

"You foolish Englishmen! You know the sensation of being drunk. So the beer, or vodka, is an extension of that. The beer is the spiritual state of being, so when we drink it, we're truly in a state of spiritual awareness. When we drink alcohol we're conscious of our existence on Earth, we can talk to each other, we can talk to the spirits. Even you. Perhaps you're so far from nature that you're in a spiritual state."

Fung Be stormed off and disappeared into the trees, headed to another person, to ask if they'd like to have a chat.

"Hey Charlie," Jack said, "what do you know about Chinese philosophy?"

Charlie shrugged:

"Some, what do you know about drinking beer and smoking opium?"

Jack laughed: "Not as much as that angry Chinese chap we just encountered. But really, have you ever studied Chinese philosophy? I've got this book that dates

back to the first century, and it has some very interesting things in it. Oh, I just read a line about how it's important to have a spiritual awareness no matter where you are in the world. In fact, the earliest Chinese philosophers believed that the most important thing in life was your spiritual awareness. But then they realized that if they knew more about the spiritual realm, they would also know more about the realm of nature. And if they knew more about nature, they would know more about human nature, and so it went. So when a man casts himself into a river, he's really casting himself into a state of absolute nature, that is, into a state of pure spiritual awareness. And when he's in that state, the pleasures of living, all the sensations of life appear in this pure state of awareness, not in any other form. And if he drinks beer he can drink it as though it's water, and then he can experience the pleasures of drinking water."

Charlie looked at Jack, wanting to know if Jack really thought all of that nonsense.

He smiled: "Jack, we were just standing here talking about how we're all spirits, but we're not. We're people and people are people, only an arrogant man thinks that he's in a state of pure awareness, when he's just drunk his bum off. Then, suddenly, a philosopher came along and taught us something different. How do you think we ended up standing on this river bank drinking beer?"

Jack chuckled: "Okay, this whole philosophy of being a spiritual being living in the realm of nature, well, that means that you should think about how you're making your life here on this Earth, and not about making it to the highest mountain peak, or getting revenge on the old man that didn't let you buy the boat. Think about

what the river says about your life, here on Earth. Think about what the wind is saying about you. And then think about what the trees and the grass and the rocks and the rivers are saying about you. And that's how you know what you're doing in life is right."

Charlie shrugged: "None of this answers the burning question: Why do so many folks around these parts kill themselves in this valley?"

"Well, Charlie, that's a question that requires an answer of its own. I don't know why so many people around this valley kill themselves."

Fung Be appeared again. Clearly, no one else wanted to talk to him at that time of day.

"The answer to that question is simple," Fung Be said, "the people here are far from nature. That's the reason why they kill themselves. They're far away from the beauty and the wonders of nature. When you're in the forest, it's almost as though you're in the clouds, and the wind is singing and the sun is shining, and the rocks are sparkling, and the trees are waving, and it's just incredible. You feel like you're walking into heaven. But these people,—they do not have those feelings, and so, they kill themselves."

Jack and Charlie regarded Fung Be, their faces serious:

"Oh, that makes sense," Jack said.

Charlie nodded. Then, Jack asked:

"Say, have you ever killed anyone?"

"I have."

"Like, someone that you knew was evil, or maybe one of your friends that was dying of some kind of disease?"

"One of my friends."

Jack sighed: "No wonder you like to drink beer."

Charlie squinted: "Why did you kill them?"

Fung Be frowned: "I did it because they asked me to."

Charlie began laughing: "You know, Jack, everyone here thinks that being a spirit living in nature is the way to be happy. No wonder people are so crazy here, no wonder they all want to jump off the bridge."

Charlie laughed and drank some beer.

He looked at Jack:

"Jack, you want another beer?"

Jack shrugged: "I suppose I do."

Jack grabbed his beer and laughed:

"Okay, Charlie, I'll keep drinking beer. I don't think I'll die from it, and I might live to enjoy it."

"You want to live to enjoy beer, Jack?"

Jack laughed: "Yes, I want to live to enjoy beer."

Jack & Charlie Deliver Some Perfume. Chap. 2.

DUring the winter, Jack and Charlie came by one evening, and found the place almost deserted. A summer breeze swirled through the boulevard, which was fragrant with the strange perfumes of the trees. The garden teemed with the reds, purples, yellows, and oranges of summer in every shade of ripening and fading, the flags and torches of the festival; a lone horseman was approaching, and stared at them with curious eyes, as they sat by the marble fountain, smoking pipes and reading the signs.

The horseman dismounted, and walked toward them, a pale, yellow-haired fellow with a pleasant face and pale green eyes. He introduced himself as Nourain, and related that the perfume-garden was his mother's.

He was twenty-three years old, and he owned a

hundred-acre estate just outside of Aleppo.

"I had it painted," he said, "to match the perfume-garden."

"In the wintertime?" Jack said.

"A pretty time for the spectacle of flowers."

Charlie coughed:

"I've never been in the garden," he said.

"When the weather's cold," said Jack, "but if you don't mind the cold, it's delightful to be at the perfume-garden."

Nourain nodded his head:

"All these years I've hardly seen the wind which blows here in silence. This might be the best of all flowers."

He looked at the green leaves trembling in the night breeze.

"I see what you mean," Jack said, "I like a snug patch with branches in the shade."

Charlie liked the form of the place, and the transept, with its illumination from the windows.

"What a lovely perfumer!" Said Nourain, looking at the bottles of oil on a wooden shelf, "this is not in the description of the garden, but of my mother's Mayanus Augustinus! Let me see! This is the perfume that she wears; it grows in the crypts of Palmyra, where the skull of Osiris lies. One drop from this makes women forget their husbands."

Jack took a cup from his pocket and filled it with the oil. He gave it to Nourain, who smelled it with intense delight.

"This is the perfume," he said, "of Heron of Alexandria, and Hebe of Cyrene, and Columba of Cyrene, and Solon; it had the inscription: 'Carmel l'oeil fruit repen-

tée firma royalis,' found on it by a hunter, and it's become famous all over the world, since it's used to put out small fires, or even for bringing animals to death."

"Good to know," said Jack, "don't let any silly young man send you into the darkness by the scent of the garlic."

Charlie laughed, but he himself was wondering, for the first time in his life, if there might not be something of the darkness in all the perfumes of the world. He noticed Jack giving the cup back to Nourain.

"I think that's the last of them," Jack said.

Nourain nodded: "But I want you to have another one, a special gift from me. It's not often I give a favor to one so young, but I wish you good luck.

"Are you sure?" Asked Jack, "a rose for a man of fifty?"

Nourain laughed:

"My father died in the third year of his reign."

Jack said nothing.

"And my mother died in the fifth, with the same illness."

"So you're an orphan?" Asked Jack.

"A man of the best age," said Nourain, "if I'm lucky I shall die in the twelfth year."

He left.

Jack looked at the bottle of the perfume, which was small:

"I think it's nice, but don't I have to wear it myself?"

"No, if I were you," said Charlie, "I'd hold out for something a little more respectable, like Petit Broussard."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"That can't be," Charlie said, "he's written 'Anne Rive.' "

"Oh, what a beauty! I wish you could see it; it's the best book in the world... but it's not for me."

Charlie sniggered.

The two Englishmen went in search of the famous

author, and saw that Petit Broussard was at the back of the room, sipping a drink from a glass of clear, colored, liquid. He was tall and thin, and his beard was of a dark color, as if he had recently shaved. His hair was straggly and golden, but his eyes were gray. His whole appearance was that of a strange leper.

Charlie glared at him, disgusted, but Jack smiled at him, in an amiable way, and then he shook his hand and tried to talk to him, but he kept saying in a low voice:

"My name is Bo Gu, and you're not very bright."

Finally, Jack moved away, turning to Charlie and saying:

"It's all nonsense, this whole ritual, I don't understand a word of it."

"Be careful, Jack," Charlie said, "you've got to watch out for this one. You might be dealing with some kind of voodoo, if you're not careful."

"It isn't voodoo," Jack said, "it's nonsense. But I suppose I'll have to keep an eye on him."

"You see, Jack, this man is a very unusual man. He was a very famous poet, a rather distinguished figure in his day, but he has become utterly obscure. He has disappeared into the end of the earth. He is the author of an enormous volume of verse: 'Anne Rive,' and he is notorious for having stolen the head of one of the most celebrated women of the last century."

"What a strange thing to say! But I guess you're right, Charlie. So he's a thief and a liar... he's not your usual type of person."

"If he's your type of person," Charlie said, "it's a good thing he's a poet. I think he's probably as literate as a cat."

"Or perhaps a dog," Jack added.

"It is peculiar, but it is the fact, he has lived in this town for fifteen years, and during that time, the wife and the child he had with another woman have died. He lives alone, with his books and his cheap toys. The woman was an actress."

"And you believe all that?" Jack said.

"Yes, I believe that he wrote that wonderful, beautiful verse, which was the cause of his fame and his fortune. And he must have written it just in the nick of time, because it was the only thing he could write. I mean, there's not much about him in the papers, except that he's very reclusive. He is an enigma, and he was considered very important, at one time, among his own people."

"What people?"

"The French."

Jack shook his head:

"Ah," he said, "the French! Can't you see how they exaggerate everything?"

"It's not exaggerating," said Charlie, "it's seeing things: 'It is said that he was a great man among his own people.' They are very grand-sounding words, but, you know, there is one man who can make or break a poet,—that is, a literary man, and the poet is a man, he has a soul."

"Does he? It seems to me every poet worth his salt has long sold his soul in some Faustian deal."

"Oh Jack, it's true that a poet might sell his soul in a number of ways. Some of the greatest poets have done that, but a poet's soul is like a soul of a fish,—it can't be bought, and a poet's soul is his life. His blood is his blood, and no poet's soul can ever be bought."

"Then we must assume that he doesn't have one, you said that he is an enigma, but his friend George-"

"George is a mediocrity!" Charlie cut in, "he is a man of no mind. He's a little squeaker, and a very ignorant man. He's good for one thing,—having a good time and eating and drinking and dancing and singing... that's his 'interest in life.' "

"What about his poems?"

"He wrote a poem once, a long time ago, about a man named Ferd. Ferd the tailor was a clerk in his tailor shop, but he was a very worthless clerk. He never told his boss the truth, he didn't want to be blamed, because if he was blamed for something, his boss would beat him. So Ferd always lied, he lied when he said that he had an appointment with the rich lady in the hat. He lied when he said that he went on an errand to the fish merchant, and he lied when he said that he was out shopping for hosiery. He never went on errands, he never went on *any* errands... he was lazy."

Petit turned around: "You slander my friend George, but you know the contents of his poem so well... why is that?"

Charlie smiled:

"There's an expression, Monseigneur Broussard, we call it a 'philosopher's smile.' You understand what I mean? When a philosopher smiles, it's not like a joke, it's more like a kind of self-advertisement,—which doesn't make it any better. You know, *a philosopher's smile,* a man who is so proud of his own principles, so conceited, so self-satisfied, that he can't bear to hear of anyone else's suffering. A man who thinks that he has everything figured out. That's what he means when he

says: 'I have a philosopher's smile.' "

Petit thought for a moment:

"You must understand, I don't have a 'philosopher's smile,' I'm too old for that... I remember... I *remember*..."

Charlie thought for a moment:

"The poor things have a hard life. They must lie, cheat, steal. They must live a lie. Why? I don't know, but it seems to me that it is because they have little souls. Poor little souls! I pity them."

Jack smiled.

"What's the matter, Monseigneur Broussard? Don't you like the idea of men of little souls?"

Petit snorted and shook his head.

"What I'm asking is," said Charlie, "what we are going to do about a man who has a soul."

Petit frowned. He thought for a moment:

"I'm not sure. I really don't know," he said, "when I was a boy, I wanted a soul. I wanted to feel the same things that a man should feel. I wanted to feel the wind on my face, I wanted to feel love, I wanted to feel despair. I wanted to feel all the feelings, I wanted to be myself, but when I was a man, I had a small part of me, the one that was outside the skin. I've had a lot of feelings and I've had my own narrow little part of the world. I've never forgotten it, but I never had a soul like I wanted to."

Charlie stood up and pointed his finger at Petit:

"But, Monsieur Broussard, you can still feel, you're still alive, you're still able to look at the sky and the earth, and they are still new and magical to you, and they have everything that a man ought to have. But there are millions, millions of people in the world who

are not like that. Who are not looking at the sky and the earth, who are not feeling. That's why we are doing this, because the eyes of the world are upon us, they are looking at us, they are watching us, they are judging us... they are awaiting their judgment."

"What judgment are you talking about?" Petit asked.

"The judgment of souls, because, you know, I've been telling people for a long time, you see, that a philosopher is something other than a man. He is something *other* than a man, and not only that, he is someone who knows that he knows nothing, and the more he knows, the less he knows. And that's what a philosopher is. A philosopher is someone who knows that he knows nothing."

"You're saying that people don't have souls," Said Petit.

"Yes, that's what I'm saying. That's what all my books are saying. That's what my poems are saying. I'm saying that a soul has to have a little room, because if it has too much room,—it's too full. And if it has too much room, it grows and it becomes self-centered. If you are a philosopher, you have a tiny little room in the universe, and I'm saying that it is a sacred room, and it is there to be used wisely.

Jack frowned:

"What is the wisdom of that?" He asked.

"When we are still in the shape of our natural selves, when we are still six feet tall and big and fat, when our stomachs still growl and our bellies have not begun to fill out. When we are small and tired and weak, when we are still that little, weak, vulnerable creature in the belly of our mother's womb..." Charlie said, staring straight at

Jack, "that is when the world is as it ought to be. That is when it is natural. But that is not when it is great. That is not when it is beautiful. That is not when it is wise."

Petit laughed:

"You don't really believe all that."

"It is beautiful," Charlie said, "it is true."

Jack just shook his head. He'd never really been able to grasp Charlie's philosophy. It made sense alright, but it made no sense, not in any practical sense at all. In practical terms, Charlie's premise didn't hold water at all. The first thing Charlie had done was to go out into the world and start killing people. He'd killed a bunch of people who weren't even people, so as to show that he was a philosopher. Then, when he'd accomplished that, he had said that it had been the first step in building the philosophy of philosophy, and then, when he'd accomplished that,—he had gone out and started killing other people, the people who weren't thinkers, the people who were not his audience.

Jack turned to Petit:

"Have you any plans to write another book?"

"Yes, I do," Petit said.

"Tell us about it."

"It is to be about the origins of the universe."

"You mean it's about God?"

"Exactly."

"Are you going to make God human?"

"Yes," said Petit, "I'm going to make God human."

"That is really wonderful," said Jack, "that's fine."

"There's just one problem," said Petit.

"What's that?" Jack said.

"I'd have to think about it... I haven't got a clue how

I'm going to do it."

"Oh," Jack said. He turned back to Charlie,"What's your philosophy of life, Charlie?"

Charlie rubbed his hands together and licked his lips:

"That's easy, Jack, it's all about efficiency."

Jack looked at him in amazement:

"Is that it?"

Charlie shrugged:

"It is what it is, Jack."

The two of them considered Petit Broussard, in his apartment, in his pajamas, in his kitchen. Jack started to say something, but decided not to, not now. Instead he said: "What happened to you?"

"Not much," Petit said, "Not much at all."

To that, Jack and Charlie could only agree.

Jack & Charlie Track Down Their Lost Prostitutes. Cap. 3.

QUite suddenly, Charlie burst into Jack's quarters.

"The girls! The girls are gone, Jack! Our whores are gone!"

"Our whores?" Queried Jack, looking bewildered.

"Licked out of existence, Jack!" Cried Charlie, "we're stark fucked, Jack. How are we to run a brothel without our strumpets? We're finished!"

"How could they disappear, Charlie?"

"I don't know, Jack. I don't know how they could vanish. I know that it's some sort of magic, but I don't know how it could work."

"What magic?"

"I don't know, some sort of magic. But why? Why would magic do this to us? We're poor whore-farmers,

Jack, why would magic want to take away the only livelihood of the poor? Why?"

"Perhaps they ran away?"

"No, they wanted for nothing, Jack. You know that, they must have been stolen from us by magic."

"Is there any chance of getting them back?"

Charlie smiled:

"Can you hear the girls crying?"

"I don't hear them, let's go out and look."

"The girls are crying," Charlie repeated, "or crying out to be punished. But they are not crying in their natural voices. I can see that they have learnt to meekly submit to their fate. They are quivering, like the old women that you used to beat when you was little. I can hear the mutterings of the girls in the garret. I can hear the girls down on the beach."

"Can we find them?"

"Let's go out and look, Jack!"

Jack did not question Charlie any more that day, he followed the man's example, and he looked with steady eyes at the proceedings of the ordinary men and women around him. For the time being he seemed to have forgotten the unhappy story which was his own. The sun shone upon his features and the crisp morning air filled his nostrils with the sweetness of the sea.

He asked himself:

"How can a man who has been in this place for such a short time bear to hear so much about it? How can the people who have lived here for years bear to see so much of it?"

When Jack and Charlie returned to the Market Street of the town, they were greeted with cheers of welcome.

The men and women, who usually strolled around the market-place in search of amusement, had their two heroes—the pimp-heroes—before them. But Jack and Charlie couldn't pay them any attention, they were on the hunt, they needed to find their girls, and without letting the whole town know the whores were gone. And in this they were successful.

They kept moving around the town, and they turned up one or two whores that they had missed before. They couldn't talk,—but suddenly, they noticed a large, previously concealed heap of rubbish near a stone's throw from the wharf.

"They've left it there," said Jack, looking at Charlie with some sort of pride.

"And that's where they'll be," replied Charlie.

"We've got them!" Cried Jack.

He took the lamp from Charlie and they ran back along the bank of the river, and they saw the girls making their way down to the river.

"What are they doing?" Asked Charlie.

"They're swimming," said Jack, jumping into the water.

"Pardon me, but I think you're in the water a bit too deep."

"It's alright. Maybe you'd better come in with me."

The girls moved nearer.

"Aren't you the funny boy from the wharf?" Asked the smallest one.

"Yes, I am, what's your name?"

"Well, my name is Alice," she said, laughing nervously, "I suppose you're called Charlie by now?"

"I am. You know me. I'm your employer. I'm Jack."

"Jack! Jack! Jack, me Jack!" She yelled.

"Oh, it's alright, Alice, it's all-right. Don't be frightened, I'll do anything you want."

"I'd like to have my tights off, what about it, Jack?"

"Sure."

"I'd like them off. How about it, Jack?"

Jack smiled:

"There you are, Alice," he said "are you ready?"

"Yeah, I'm ready."

Jack got a hold of the tights and he pulled them off her. He pulled them down to her knees. He pushed them down further and she said "Ouch!"

"Don't worry about it. I want you to take them all the way off. Is that alright, Alice?"

"Yes, I don't mind."

"Right, that's good enough for me. Now, put your hands down by your side."

She did so, and Jack pulled the tights right off her.

"Right, now stand up and turn around."

She obeyed, and Jack stood.

"Alright. I'd love to fiddle about with you more, darling, but we need to know where the rest of the girls are."

They started off walking, and it soon became apparent that the others were not far away. They reached the wharf, and Jack and Charlie breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good girls," said Charlie, "come on out."

"You're the Boss!" Cried the youngest one.

"Yes, and so are you, come on out and say hello."

They did as they were told. They turned out to be only about five feet six in height. The girls all had red hair, and when they stretched out their hands, and shook Jack's, their bodies seemed to twist into a different shape.

"Let's call her Penny," said Jack.

"You can call me: What-do-I-do-with-you. I'm called Dee, by the way. We could play, Jack. Wherever you want. We could-"

"No, we can't, Dee, not until I say so. Now, where's the fourth one?"

"At the bottom of the river."

"Right, *right,* and you're the other one, right? Perfect!"

"What are you getting at, Charlie? He's our employer."

"Listen, Charlie, we're going to be blackmailed, you and I. *He's* going to blackmail us. He's going to threaten us with causing a lot of trouble if we don't do what he tells us."

"Don't be daft, He's nothing, we'll kill that captor. Let's go, Jack, this is a one-man job."

"Alright, Charlie."

With that, they headed into the compound. The girls were busy unpacking boxes. Jack and Charlie walked into the warehouse. Jack headed for the office. Behind the desk sat a man, but there was something very off-putting about him. There was a seething energy about him, and it made Jack feel uncomfortable. There were splashes of different colors all over his face. His hair was purple and he had eyes like worms.

The man raised himself from his chair: "Yes?

"I'm going to kill you," said Charlie, "but first, you're going to tell us why you stole our women."

He trained his gun at the man.

"This is all very interesting," the man said, what you just said makes sense, I must admit."

"Please," Charlie gestured towards the office, "it might be easier to talk inside."

The man lowered himself into the chair behind the desk:

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything. But first, why did you do it? There's something wrong with you. We know that. Please."

"You'd be surprised at how many things are wrong with me. I stole them because I am better at this business than you two are."

Jack slammed the table: "Who are you?"

The man continued, in a detached, almost dull tone:

"I am the spirit of delirium, I am the one who gathers the missing pieces from the minds of the missing girls. You two," he nodded towards Jack and Charlie, "you are only mediums, I am the one who interacts with them."

"And why does it matter so much that they are missing parts of their minds?"

"They will be available to me when they are."

Charlie drop-kicked the desk, and the man rose with a gasp. Charlie brought the gun up and fired twice. The first bullet hit him in the chest, while the second took him in the head. The man dropped dead.

Jack stood by his gun:

"Are you alright, Charlie?"

"No, Jack, I think there was another man in the office."

They both rushed in to investigate. The man was already dead. Charlie searched his body.

"Looks like I found something of interest." He pulled out a key-chain that contained a large amount of keys, "I need to find out how they work."

"Good idea. What are you going to do, Charlie?"

Charlie frowned: "I want to go back in there and look

for more of this strange stuff."

"Good idea."

They entered the hangar, a plethora of girls were tied to posts inside. All of them were unconscious. There was an old man dressed in faded robes on a chair in the center of the room. He turned around: "Hello-"

Jack fired three rounds, and the man dropped dead. Charlie made his way inside and walked to the girls:

"Are you alright? Did any of you get hurt?"

The girl with blue eyes, who wore a shabby dress and had brown hair tied into a ponytail,—answered:

"My name is Susan."

Charlie sighed: "I'm really sorry about this, Susan. We shouldn't have tried to come out here. I need to find out who they are."

"A-Ashley?"

"Yeah, that's her, she was walking home."

"Susan is my sister. You killed my father, by the way."

"Your father tied you up here?"

The girl nodded.

"They must have used mind control on you. We were there for a night. They said they were doing research for the government."

Charlie turned to the girl with pink hair:

"You're Evelyn."

"Um, hi, I don't know if you can understand me or not, but I know you're not really here."

Charlie gasped: "My name is Charlie. I'm here to save you. It's important that you come with me."

The girls all nodded. They followed Jack and Charlie and found that working for them was almost as good as going to the center of the Earth.

ON
BLOOD.
OR
AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF BLOOD & ITS THINNING THROUGH THE MEANS OF QUADRATIC FORCES.
BY
The Prophet and Sn. Sherm.

OVer the course of existence, many have argued, and argue, that they have proved various things concerning the nature of man's disposición in this terrific state of affairs, which natural philosophié terms: *The world.*

In the course of such endeavors there have been produced more lies than there are actual falsehoods in objective existence. As Quaded nature would have it,—such a thing again manifests in a false dualism. Not false in the sense that the two may be contained within one seamless substance of truth, but rather that they are both utterly confused and debased rhetorical devices. We of course speak of the cognitive produce of the geneticist, the social scientist, and perhaps even the bota-

botaniſt, and so on. The genealogy of the occidental sciences finds a supreme Quading manifeſted within that antique notion of the *Theory of the Four Humors.*

If such a theory is to be believed, it muſt be triangulized into a threefold scheme, thus removing the humor of *Phlegm*, and leaving the three proper substances to their operations, viz.—those of *Blood* and the *Black* and *Yellow* biles.

These alone may explain the conſtitution of man sufficiently, in both the mundane and preternatural modes of exiſtence. Many today, of course, would object even to this reſtoration of true wisdom, however, it muſt be underſtood that such efreetic personæ are the same ones who proſtrate and proſtitute themselves before the teſt tube and the ritual tree of Elsevier, as if these things would grant them powá in this world, or the next.

We shall pass over these minor hurdles in silence, for our aim is the singular analysis of the trans-hiſtorical importance of the sanguine bile, that of blood itself.(a.)

As hiſtory has would have it, we find ourselves exiſting among the bloodless. Yes, actual entities, walking around with arms and legs and heads. How do they live? What have they replaced the vital essence with? This should be clear to anyone who has ever been in the presence of previous Goofiíſt works.

Given that the Anglo and also the Cathayan have spilled more blood throughout hiſtory than any other mode of humanity, it should come as no surprise that these bloodlettás have also *loſt* more blood than any other species of man, in the course of hiſtory. It is no accident that they have replaced this lack of vital essence

(a.) *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Main_Page*

with a surplus of grains. These "men" do not run on the vitalíc red watṭá spoken of in ancient epics,—no, these are *grain-men,* with veins bloated with carbohydratic pollución. Though they may appear to bleed red when poked, know that their blood is thinner than even their depleted hairlines.

As the Grain-Industrial Complex[b.] has altered man in many way, so too has the natural course of atmospheric changes, within the abode of the earthly heavens, had its effect in producing the disastrous outcome of which we here write. It is without a doubt a factual reality that man has been steadily losing blood, and the enrichment thereof, for thousands of years.

This phenomena, of course, transcends even the alleged prehistory of man, for it is known that this good Earth once supported massive creatures, for which the atmosphere of the time allowed an existence of potent and enriched blood, thus oxygenated beyond the wildest dreams of the inhaler of rubber particles, otherwise understood to be known as the Anglo and his host of Quaded peoples

The innate human need to grow larger and posses enriched blood is evidenced in the adaptación of the *Himalayan peoples* to their underoxygenated atmosphere.[c.] This would also explain the disproportionate population of *Siddhas* existing in the region.

It must then be understood that the preservation of blood is a threefold scheme consisting of man's adaptation, the catastrophic changes in his environment, and God.[d.] We must make mention that such schemes as the Japonic blood phrenology[e.] are inherently false, for it is

(b.) *See: The Complete Goofiist Corpus.*

(c.) *https://evolution.berkeley.edu/high-altitude-adaptations/the-mysteries-of-tibet/*

(d.) *For God is necessarily involved in any given thing.*

(e.) *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blood_type_personality_theory*

the *quantity* of blood, and not the quality which is of the utmoſt importance. We of course speak of superficial virtues, such as blood-type. This cataſtrophic loss of *Thumos* can be explained by various causes, such as the replacement of blood by microplaſtiqués, the aforementioned changes in atmosphere, and the detrimental effects of grain-consumption.

There are in fact so many causes, that a truly coherent theory of blood-loss is rendered impossible to produce. But this is precisely the very proof that serves our ends in this factual lecture. For none but the very bloodless and passive fiends would demand such a Klinefelterésque mode of impossible coherence. Simply put, they seek to protect their bloodlessness, for such is the perverted powá-process of the Quad.

In this way they have subverted the very natural inclination towards the acquisition of ever more voluminous blood-enérgïa. They seek to be less blooded, and thus closer to their spiritual father,—the saṭān.

As was previously shewn, the natural course of the environmental changes, and their impact on the virtue of blood, are not of too great of an importance for the medial exiſtence of man. Yes, there are no more titanic creatures roaming about this world, and yet—blooded men within the range of the human world ſtill persiſt, and seek out the enrichment of their vital fluids. All this is to show that a full-blooded exiſtence is ſtill possible, though ever-more difficult.

It may be expected that we should speak of psychology and metaphysics, but these are epiphenomenal to the very true and unQuaded corporeal processes desc-

ribed. For no effort of cognición or the appeasement of supranatural faúces, can lead to the modification of blood-loss. One muſt be full-blooded, if one is to ever apply wisdom to the ſtudy of this world, and peer into the myſteries of The Book.(f.) Yet it muſt be underſtood that if, for example, a smól being is over charged with blood,—that entity will reach the same fate as an ove-filled watṭá balloon. Thus, if you do not wish to suffer explosión,—great attention should be placed on the balancing of the three vitalíc essences, which may now be clearly defined as the following: *Blood*, *Belly Juice,* and *Silly Juice.*(g.)

(f.) *ISBN 9780387305264 p. 36.*

(g.) *Further explanation of these updated humors may be found in the Second Infranational.*

A VISION,

RECEIVED BY THE PROPHET AND WRITTEN DOWN BY

Nomen Nescio.

NOw, I was the third son of Hephaestus, the ugliest nigga in the pantheon, the blacksmith mothafuká. I saw that Greek mothafuká, from whaevá city,—helping out Icarus with the wing, and I'm like: "You idiot, you *moron*, you forgot to give Icarus the oxygen mask." So he gives him the mask, and Icarus does not crash due to lack of oxygen. The pantheon gets mad and imprisons me, but I escape. It ain't life in prison no more,—it's execution time.

Apparently there is a whole society of people who've escaped from the gods, they draw symbols on places, to help you where to hide. There is a secret well in the roman countryside that allows you to escape the wrath of the gods.

So I'm laying low, by the way—I escaped prison using Icarus' wings, then Zeus find me, he try to strike me down with lighting bolts an' shit,—*it don't work.*

I saw this cottage on the outskirts of Rome, I guarantee you this was the well where I was going to escape the wrath of the gods. All these gods man, they trying to

cramp on my style, you got Artemis throwing arrows, Helios throwing fire balls, and I'm just dodging them all, I'm dodging that shit man, I'm doing parkour. I drop into the well,—it empty; actually there's no watṭá here—it's full of corpses actually,—of the people who failed to escape the wrath of the gods.

Zagreus pops up, he tries to strike me down,—it does not work. He resurrects the corpses and gives them Zeus' thunderbolts, to come at me. I get to the bottom and there is a hatch with a combination lock, I put in 2-0-8, and it open, and I knew this would work 'cause [REDACTED.]

There is a black void in there, and I hold on to the hatch to not fall into the void. And then these stupid ass corpses stab my hand and I fall, for I don't know how long, but I land through a chimney into a suburban home, where the outside is void, but the inside is pretty nice. I just remember being on that depressive grind, sunken eyes, sitting on the couch watching TV that don't exist. And for some reason I have a wife. I live with her for a little bit, but I find her insufferable. She hollowed out my soul, so I decide to walk into the void and fall forever instead of spending time with her. Immá go into the void, bitch.

F I N I S.